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together?"

known.

fensive.

isty myself,

ou think-

anglement-

"You owe me nothing," he insisted,

whereas I owe you everything, even

unquestioning faith. Even though I

"You mustn't say that; you mustn't

"Perhaps I can guess enough to sat-

She gave him a swift, sidelong look

of challenge, instinctively on the de-

"Why," she almost gasped, "what do

"It does to me. I wish to know!"

"Well," he conceded rejuctantly, "I

hink that, when you had a chance to

think things over calmly, while you

waited for me there in the garden, you

decided it would be better to-to use

your best judgment and-extricate

yourself from an embarrassing en-

"But you were wrong!" she pro-

tested vehemently - "quite, quite

wrong! I ran away from myself-not

from you-and with another motive,

"You ran away from yourself-not

"Don't you understand? Why make

t so hard for me? Why make me say

"But if you won't understand other-

wise-I must tell you, I suppose." She

checked herself, breathless, flushed.

and trembling. "You remember our

you'd been mistaken in me, that I had

would be impossible for me ever to

"I remember," he assented gravely.

"It was because of that," she said. "I

ran away; because I hadn't been talk-

cause I was deceiving you, because I

suddenly-I came to know that, if 1

you found you were beginning to-to

"And you ran away, then, because

Again, silently, she bowed her head.

"Because I had been a criminal, I

"What else can I think? You tell me

ou were afraid I might induce you to

become my wife-something which,

claim is impossible. What other ex-

planation can I infer? What other ex-

planation is needed? It's ample, it

covers everything, and I've no warrant

"But!--" she began, when he cut

"There's one thing I don't under-

stand at all!" he protested. "If that

were so, if it was your repugnance for

She started and glanced at him fur-

"I saw you-last night-followed

you from Viel's to the Elysee Palace

"And you thought," she flashed in a

"You didn't seem altogether down-

cast," he countered. "Do you wish me

to understand he had recaptured you

-that you were with him against your

"No," she said slowly. "No: I re

turned to him voluntarily, knowing

"No!" she cried. "Please! You

"I can't. It's impossible, I would,

working nervously with her handker-

mustn't do that. You only make it

perfectly what I was about."

"Rather than me-"

"But you love me!"

"I can't tell you."

"Through fear of him-"

"No. I can't claim that."

vibrant voice-"you thought I was in

such company of my own choice!"

criminal association-why did you go

to complain-God knows!"

tively, a frightened glance.

"You knew that?"

"You've no right to say that-"

ove wasn't possible between us?"

care a little for me?"

resume!"

her short.

hotel.

will?"

denial.

harder."

but may not!"

Why?"

back to Bannon?"

dumb inclination of her head.

to head to the amon blune or

too-one that I can't explain."

from me?" he repeated, puzzled.

outright what pains me so?"

"Oh, I beg of you-"

marry you?"

"Does it matter what I think?"

wouldn't say it-if you knew-"

## SYNOPSIS.

After scaling the Omber Jewels and the Huysman war plans in London Michael Lanyard returns to Troyon's, a Parts inn, for the first time in many years because he thinks Roddy, a Scotland Yard man, is on his trail. Lanyard dresses and goes sut, leaving Roddy snoring in the next room, then comes back stealthily, to find in his room Mile, Bannon. In the apartment near the Trocadero he finds as invitation from The Pack to the Lone Wolf to Join them, Lanyard attempts to dispose of the Omber Jewels, but finds that The Pack has forbidden the buyers to lead with him. He meets The Pack, but refuses alliance with them. On his return to his room he is attacked in the dark, but kneeds out his assailant, He dispovers that Roddy has been mardered in the dark, but kneeds out his assailant, He dispovers that Roddy has been mardered in the corridor he encounters Lucia Bannon, who insists on leaving with him. Having no money lacia is obliged to take refuse with Lanyard in the studio of an absentants from d of his. He looks her in a norm alone. After sleep Lanyard finds his viewpoint changed. He tells Lucia who he is Mutual confessions follow She is Lacy Shannon, not Enginen, and leaving her wrapped in a brick is thrown to result that from a care alone as a tool by Bannon, he rock The American murderer of Roddy has Bannon's warpped in a brick is thrown through the skylight. The paper has an interpolating the skylight. The paper has an -11jewemper wrapped in a brick is a chrough the skylight. The paper is account of the total destruction by Troyon's. They go to Mme. Omber's residence, burglariously restore the sis, then to the home of M. D. difficient of war, to return the Huysman apers in return for safe conduct out of rance. On coming out Lanyard finds day gone. Lanyard turns taxi chaf-

## CHAPTER XXIII-Continued.

There was sufficient light to enable him to see clearly the face of the passenger-its pale oval and the eyes whose gaze clung to h!- with an effect of confused fascination.

She sat quite motionless until one white-gloved hand moved uncertainly toward her bosom.

That brought him to; unconsciously lifting his cap, he stepped back a pace and started to move on.

But at that she bent quickly forward talk after dinner that night-how I and unlatched the door. It swung wide asked you, what if you were to find out

to him. Hardly knowing what he was doing, deceived you; and how I told you it he accepted the mute invitation, stepped into the cab, took the empty seat beside her, and closed the door.

Almost at once the block was lifted, and the car moved on with a jerk, the girl sinking back into her corner ing idly when I said what I did; bewith a suggestion of breathlessness, as though the effort she made to seem composed had been almost too much could never marry you, and becausefor her strength.

Her face, turned to Lanyard in the didn't leave you then and there, I half-light, appeared immobile. ex- might never find the strength to leave pressionless; only her eyes were alert you, and only greater suffering and unwith anticipation. But she said nothing.

On his part, Lanyard felt himself hopelessly confounded, in the grasp of emotions that would scarcely suffer him to speak. A great wonder obsessed his mind that she should have opened the door to him no less than the end answered him only with a that he should have entered through ft Dimly he understood that both had acted without premeditation, and he asked himself: "Was she already regretting that momentary weakness -or whatever it had been?"

"Why did you do that?" he heard hisnself demand abruptly, and felt that his voice sounded harsh, strained, unnatural. She stiffened slightly, with a nervous for some incomprehensible reason, you

movement of her shoulders. "Because I saw you." "Did you want to talk to me, per-

haps?" he prompted. "I was surprised; I had hoped-be-

lieved-you had left Paris." She surveyed his costume with a

curious giance, perplexed. "Why are you dressed that way? Is

ft a disguise?" "A pretty good one-as a matter of

fact, the national costume of one in my present station in life."

But you are wrong. I recognized you instantly, didn't I? And those others-they're as keen-witted as I-certainly! Oh, you should not have stopped in Paris!"

'I couldn't go without knowing what had become of you."

"I was afraid of that," she confessed.

"Then why-" "Oh, I know what you're going to

gay! Why did I run away from you?" Then, since he said nothing, she continued unhappily: "I can't tell you. 1 mean, I don't know how to tell you!"

She kept her face averted, sat gazing blankly out of the window; but when he remained mute and unresponsive-in point of fact not knowing what to say-she turned to look inquiringly at him, and the glare of a passing lamp showed him her countenance profoundly distressed, her mouth tense, brows knitted, eyes clouded with perplexity and appeal.

And of a sudden, seeing her so tormented and so piteous, his indignation ebbed, and with it all his doubts of her; dimly he divined that there was something behind this dark fabric of mystery and inconsistency that, however inexplicable it might seem to him, excused all her apparent faithlessness and instability of character and purpose. He couldn't look upon this girl and listen to her voice and be-Heve that she wasn't at heart as sound and sweet and tender and loyal as any that ever breathed!

A wave of tenderness and compas ston swept his heart, and he realized that he didn't matter, that nothing chief. mattered so long as she was spared one slightest pang of self-reproach. He said very gently: "I wouldn't

have you distress yourself on my account, Miss Shannon. I quite understand there must be things I can't understand-that you must have had tell me, dear?" your reasons for acting as you did." "Yes," she said evenly, but again possible," she declared in a choking Crete and Port Said. One of the in- 1882, since which date a new city with ayes averted-"I had; but they're | voice. not easy, they're impossible to explain

said in a voice he hardly knew for his each year to London, where these West that to the East,

Think what you must," she said the food were good or poor. felessly; "It doesn't matter, so long is you renounce me and put me out of place like a haunted man.

our heart and-leave me." orward and tapped the glass, signal- car. ng the driver to stop. And as the urb he laid hold of the door-latch. "Lucy," he pleaded, "don't let me go come face to face with Bannon. elieving--

She seemed suddenly infused with a old, implacable hostility. "I tell you," she said cruelly, "I

you go!"

blazed feverishly. And then, as still he hesitated, the pursue.

cab pulled up, and the driver, leaning "Yet-when all's said and done-I've no right to exact any explanation." With a curt, resigned inclination of "Ah, but how can you say that, rethe head Lanyard rose and got out. membering what we've been through

Immediately the girl grasped the peaking-tube, the door slammed, the cab drew away, and left him standing with the pose, the gesture of one who has just heard sentence of death profail, I have this to thank you for-this nounced on him. one not ignoble impulse my life has When he roused to know his sur-

n a corner of the Avenue du Bois de think it. I don't deserve it. You Boulogne. It was bitter cold in the wind sweep ng down from the west, and it had grown very dark. Only in the sky

oundings he found himself standing

above the Bois a long reef of crimson

She Unlatched the Door.

0

light hung motionless, against which the leafless trees of the avenue lifted cause you were mistaken in me, betheir gnarled, weird silhouettes. While he watched the crimson ebbed let, to black

CHAPTER XXIV.

go, as much for your sake as for "You mean me to understand that She made an effort to speak, but in across town.

turned aside and, more through habit | those two figures. than desire or design, entered a cheap eating-place and consumed his evel conscious of the clearness of the

as a memorial of his delication in the

land of the Pharaohs, he left behind

him the beginning of a vigorous Greek

city, Alexandria, destined to be the

gateway for a flow of western rejuve-

nation to the worn valley, and today,

with Constantinople and a few other

places, one of the greatest prizes for

the contesting army millions in the

East, begins a bulletin just prepared

by the National Geographic society.

Alexander built his city in 332 B. C.,

upon the ruins of an Egyptian town,

Rhacotis, After more than 2,000 years,

Alexandria has become the life of

Egypt, its largest port, one of the busi-

est ports on the Mediterranean, and an

The modern city is divided into two

parts, one of which, inhabited by Mo-

hammedans, is a listless tangle of

oriental narrow, crooked streets and

uninviting buildings, while the other,

the European quarter, is solidly built

and possesses many of the essential

conveniences of the American or Eu-

ropean metropolis. It occupies a ridge

towns of Egypt, and is in telephonic

Alexandria is the counting-house

and the commission office of the Nile

valley. The British chamber of com-

merce has its headquarters there, and

000,000 a year. The western harbor,

designed for a modern, first-rank

She shook her head, "It-it's im- by cable lines with Cyprus, Malta, as well as Egypt's, welfare, dates from

connection with Cairo.

important world city.

"You'll never understand," she told of land between the Mediterranean

him a little wearily. "It was a matter and Lake Marcotis. The Rosetta

of duty. I had to go back-I had to!" | mouth of the Nile lies more than 20

little sob. But as, moved beyond his metropolis, ites 129 miles by rail to

strength to resist, Lanyard put forth a the southeast, and the Suez canal is

hand to take the white-gloved one more than 140 miles to the east. The

resting on the cushion beside her, she city is linked by a network of rail-

withdrew it with a swift gesture of way and telegraph lines to the other

"If you love me, you must tell me." near East. The value of the city's

She was silent, the white hands trade, in normal times, is about \$240, ing.

Her voice trailed off brokenly into a miles to the east. Cairo, the interior

earing-"I can only think one thing," | prehension of what he ate or whether When he had finished he fled the

Quite without purpose he sought the Without other response he leaned machine shop where he had left his

He had no plans; but it was in his ah swerved sharply in toward the mind, a murderous thought, that before another day dawned he might Meanwhile he would go to work. He

could think out his problems while driving his cab as well as in seclusion; and whatever he ultimately decided to ion't care what you think, so long as do, he could accomplish little before midnight; finally, it was quite within The face she now showed him was the bounds of possibility that his car shen, its mouth was hard, her eyes | would prove a valuable asset to whatever course of action he might elect to

Toward seven o'clock, with his maback, unlatched the door and threw it chine in perfect running order, he mounted to the seat and took to the streets in reckless humor-the temper of a beast of prey.

The barrier was down-once more

the Lone Wolf was on the prowl. But for the present he controlled himself and acted perfectly his temporary role of taxi-bandit, fellow to those thousand that infest Paris. People hailed him from sidewalks and restaurants half a dozen times in the course of the next three hours; he took them up, carried them to their several destinations, received payment, and acknowledged their gratuities with perfunctory thanks-all thoroughly in character and all with little conscious hought.

He saw but one thing, the face of Lucy Shannon, white, tense, glimmering wanty in shadows-the face with

which she had dismissed him. He had but one thought-the desire to read the riddle of her bondage. To accomplish this he was prepared to go to any extreme; if Hannon and his crew came between him and his purpose, so much the worse for themand, incidentally, so much the better for society! What might happen to himself was of no moment.

He entertained but one design, to become again what he had been, the supreme adventurer, the prince of plunderers, to lose himself once more extended his palm, received the coin, the devil are you doing in that galin the suspense of adventurous days and the delirium of peril-haunted nights, to reincarnate the Lone Wolf | cap, and in his guise loot the world anewto court oblivion even at the prison's gates.

It was after ten when, cruising purthrough the Rue Auber into the Place de la Paix, was hailed by a doorboy of that restaurant.

Drawing in to the curb with the in- flag? You haven't started yet!" difference that had distinguished his every action of the evening, he waited tached and gaze remote from the tides past on either hand.

cab. Lanyard paid them no attention. swiftly and gave way to mauve, to vio- in his preoccupation he would have of his passenger. needed only the repetition of an address in his ear and the noise of the cab door slammed to send him off like

But he received no such order; counseled coolly, stepping back and When there was no more light in the there was a pause; then he heard one waving his hand to the man in the cab. sky a profound sigh escaped Lanyard's of the men cough heavily, and in a lips, and with a slight nod toward the twinkling Lanyard had stiffened to place where the light had been, and rigidity in his sent. If he had heard yard took his car smartly away from the gesture of one who recognizes and | that cough but once before, that once | the curb, wheeled round the corner signifies submission to an omen, he | had been too often. Without a glance | into the Boulevard des Capucines, and turned and tramped heavily back askance, hardening his features to ab made toward the Rue Royale. solute immobility, he knew that the At one stage of his journey he cough was shaking the slighter of

And of a sudden he was acutely

the Englishman's breakfast table.

waning in popularity.

brutish populace.

there, too, are located the head offices of the religion from the desert; and

of many of the largest commercial or. the burning of the great book treas-

ganizations doing business in the ury has been keenly deplored by

tion of 400,000. The city is connected perity. English control of the city's

as an affair of right angles and sharp

The exotic Grecian city was a bat-

tleground from the start. The East

and the West met and fought out

their differences to a finish there.

Greek learning and Greek philosophy

found refuge in Alexandria, and there

antagonized, and finally blended with,

the philosophies of the East. Chris-

tianity and Paganism fought some of

their most bitter battles there; and

the Jews, the Christians, the Pan-

theisis and the philosophers fomented

many bloody rlots, in which the fickle.

violent, loot-hungry Alexandrian mob

raged in unforgettable religious tu-

mults. In one such tumult the sur-

passingly beautiful pagan priestess,

Hypatia, was torn to pieces to glut a

The famous Alexandrian library

was the bridge between the culture of

classic Greece and the cultural needs

Europe. Much of its treasures fil-

tered through to the Moors and to the

Christians through the scholarship of

Rome. The library was destroyed in

the war flood, which followed the rise

scholars of each generation succeed-

owe, so du't and hollow was it in his ning meal without the slightest com frosty atmosphere, of the merciless glare of electricity beating upon him from every side. And polgnantly he regretted neglecting to mask himself with his goggles.

He wasn't left long in suspense. The coughing died away by spasma, folowed by the unmistakably sonorous accents of Bannon's voice.

"Well, dear boy! I have to thank you for an excellent dinner and a most | don't trust me." interesting evening. Pity to break it up so early. Still, business-you know! Sorry you're not going my way take my word that you're safe for the -but that's a good-looking taxi you've | time being. As it is, I shan't be offenddrawn. What's its number-ch?"

British voice drawled in response ning under forced draft. But you 'Never bother about a taxi's number won't refuse to join me in a whiskyuntil it has run over me."

"Great mistake," Bannon rejoined cheerfully. "Always take your taxi's we drink from the same bottle." number before entering. Then, if anything happens- However, that's a affectedly as, turning to a side-table, good-looking chap at the wheel- he fetched a decanter, glasses, bottled doesn't look as if he'd run you into any soda, a box of eighrettes, and placed trouble."

"Oh, I fancy not." said the Englishman, bored.

"Still, you never can tell. There's note of it and be on the safe side. Or trust me-I never forget numbers!" With this speech Bannon ranged

gleaming in his evil old eyes.

"You are an honest-looking chap," he commended with a suspicion of a tage and resenting it, Lanyard drank mocking smile, but in a tone of the with less enthusiasm, if without mismost inoffensive admiration-"honest givings, and-ah-what shall I say !- what's the word we're all using nowadaya?efficient! Honest and efficient-looking, British cousin here. He doesn't know hell when last we met!" his way around Paris very well. Still

With matchless effrontery he pro- his own cigarette. duced a coin from the change pocket of his fur-lined coat and offered it to precisely what we asked for." Lanyard.

Unhesitatingly, permitting no expression to color his features, Lanyard | cent enough to see it that way-what dropped it into his own pocket, and ley?" carried two fingers to the vizor of his

"Merci, monsieur," he said evenly. "Ah, that's the right spirit!" the with me?" deep voice jeered. "Never be above poselessly, without a fare, he swung to take a tip! Here, I'll give you an- game is. other, gratis-get out of this business; de l'Opera, and approaching the Cafe you're too good for it. Don't ask me how I know; I can tell by your face. Hello! Why, you're turning down the

"Conversation goes up on the clock," Lanvard replied stolldly in French. with a throbbing motor and mind de- He turned and faced Bannon squarely loosing a glance of venomous hatred of foot and wheeled traffic brawling into the other's eyes. "The longer I have to stop here listening to your After a moment two figures, both senile monologue," he added with unmasculine, issued from the revolving mistakable meaning, "the more you'll door of the cafe and approached the have to pay. What address, please?" he added, turning back to get a glimpse

"Hotel Astoria," the porter supplied. "Very good."

The porter closed the door. "But remember my advice," Bannon

"Good night." Without noticing him further, Lan-

CHAPTER XXV.

A Surprise. He had gone but a block when the window at his back was lowered and his fare observed pleasantly: The City of Alexander the Great

"That you, Lanyard?" The adventurer hesitated an instant; then, without looking round, responded:

"Wertheimer, eh?

Alexander the Great, like an erratic | products retail as fancy fresh eggs. "Right-o! The old man had me meteor, flashed across the drowse of This large yearly turnover gives puzzled for a minute with his silly civilization-weary Egypt; and, perhaps, Egypt an intimate relationship with chaffing. Stupid of me, too, because we'd just been talking about you." Dinocrates of Rhodes, architect and "Had you, though?" friend to the famous Macedonian, laid

"Rather. Hadn't you better take me out Alexandria. He planned the city where we can have a quiet little talk?" "I'm not conscious of the neces corners, including the whole in a sity-

"Oh, I say!" Wertheimer protested parallelogram quadrisected by two main thoroughfares. This regularity amiably, "Don't be so rotten shirty. of city plan that Dinocrates developed old top. Give a chap a chance. Bewas the beginning of the school of sides. I received today a bit of news gridiron city building, of the imper- from Antwerp I guarantee will intersonal, strictly business city only now est you."

"Antwerp?" Lanyard repeated, mys tified.

"Antwerp-where the ships sail from," Werthelmer laughed-"not Amsterdam, where the diamonds foregather, as you may know." "I don't follow you, I'm afraid."

"I shan't elucidate until we're under

With brief hesitation Lanvard said more placably: "All right. But where

shall I take you?" "Any quiet cafe will do. You can readtly find one-"Thanks - no." Lanyard objected

dryly. "If I must confabulate with gentlemen of your kidney. I prefer to do it under cover. Even dressed as I stop me, if ever I make up my mind am, I might be recognized, you know." But it was evident that Wertheimer didn't mean to permit himself to be

ruffled. "Then will my modest diggings suit you?" he suggested pleasantly. "I've of early Christian and Mohammedan taken a suite in the Rue Vernet, just can be as private as you please. That is, if you've no objection."

> Werthelmer gave him the number and replaced the window. His rooms in the Rue Vernet proved to be a small ground-floor apartment with private entrance to the street.

"None whatever."

"Took the tip from you," he told In the latter years of the eighteenth Lanyard, as he unlocked the door. "I century the city was held by the dare say you'd be glad to get back to "Lucy!" he insisted-"you must say commerce, is visited annually by 3,000 French. It had sunk to the status of that little rez-de-chaussee of yours in heimer declared. "God knows you're what stands between you and my love, vessels. The chief articles of export a small village under centuries of the Rue Roget. Ripping place, that, nothing to me, but at least you've It's true, I have no right to ask, as I are grain, cotton, beans, sugar and Mohammedan misrule, having a popu- By the way-judging from your aphad no right to speak to you of love. rice, and the business is largely in lation of less than 4,000. Under Mo- parently robust state of health, you But when we have said what we have the hands of Europeans, of whom hammed Ali, the wise and cunning Al- haven't been trying to live at home Apache holiday for want of warning." said-we can't stop there. You will there are 60,000 in the total popula- banian, it regained much of its pros- of late."

"Indeed?" "Indeed yes, monsieur! If I may you, too. But you persist in reminding presume to interfere-I'd pull wide of taresting phases of Alexandria's com- has been developed, and one that hears the Rue Roget for a while-for as brute who had Roddy slaughtered in "You leave me no alternative," he merce is that it sends 80,000,000 eggs a greater degree of relationship to the long, at least, as you remain in your his sleep." present intractable temper."

"I fancy you're right," hanyard said carelessly, following, as Wertheimer turned up the lights, into a modest salon, coxily furnished. "You live here alone, I understand?"

"Quite-make yourself perfectly at case; nobody can hear us. And," the Englishman added with a laugh, "do sit down - take that chair there. which commands both doors, if you

"Do you think I ought to?" "Hardly. Otherwise I'd asa you to ed if you keep your gun handy and "Haven't the faintest notion." a your sense of self-preservation run-

and soda? "No." said Lanvard siewly- not if

Again the Englishman laughed onthem on a stand within Lanyard's reach.

practiced host he measured whisky the number on the lamp. Make a into Lanyard's glass till checked by a quiet "Thank you," and helping himself generously, opened the soda. "I'll not ask you to drink with me,

With all the case and courtesy of a

alongside Lanyard and looked him he said with a twinkle, "but-chinover, keenly malicious enjoyment chin!" and tilting his glass, half emptied it at a draft. Muttering formally, at a disadvan-

Werthelmor selected a cigarette and

lighted it at lelaure. "Well," he said, smiling through a might be avoided, capable of better things, or I'm no cloud of smoke, "I think we're fairly judge! Forgive an old man's candor, on our way to an understanding, con- Co., Lynn, Mass. (confidential) for free my friend—and take good care of our sidering that you told me to go to sovice which will prove heipful.

His spirit was tresistible. In spire feel confident he'll come to no harm of himself Lanyard returned the in your company. Here's a franc for smile. "I never knew a man to take, which way the wind blows." it with better grace," he said, lighting

"Resent It! I liked it-you gave us 'if that's your viewpoint, if you're de-

"Mischief makes strange bedfellows. you'll admit. And if you think that a fair question, what are you doing here,

"Same excuse as in the other inyour station, my man-never hesitate stance-trying to find out what your Wertheimer chuckled and eyed the celling with an intimate grin. "My

dear fellow," he protested-"all you want to know is everything!" "More or less," Lanyard admitted

gracelessly. "One Infers you contemplate stopping this side of the channel or some time." "Meaning your impression is I made it too hot for me?" Werthelmer inter-

preted with a quizzical glance. sha'n't tell about that. But I'm hoping to be able to run home for an occasional week-end without stirring up trouble. Why not go along with me ome time? Lanyard shook his head.

"Come!" the Englishman railled him Don't put on so much side. I'm not bad company. Why not be sociable



"Here's a Franc for You." since we're bound to be thrown to gether more or less in the way of business?

"Oh, I think not."

"But, my dear chap, you can't go on this way. Playing Parisian taxi-bandit is hardly your shop. And, of course, you understand you won't be permit ted to engage in any more remunerative pursuit until you make terms with the powers that be-or leave Faris." "Mr. Werthelmer," Lanyard in formed him quietly, "none of you will

to take the field again." "You haven't been thinking of quitting it-what?" Wertheimer demanded innocently, opening his eyes wide,

"Well, what do you think?" "I think," the Englishman laughed-I think this conference doesn't get also other Bunches or Swellings. No blister, back of the Hotel Astoria, where we anywhere in particular. Our simple, no hair gone, and herse kept at work. Ecotrusting natures don't seem to fraternize as spontaneously as they might. We may as well cut the sparring and get down to business-don't you think? But before we do, I'd like permission to offer one word of friendly advice."

"And that is-" 'Ware Bannon!" Lanyard nodded. "Thanks," he

said. "I say that in all earnestness," Wertplayed the game like a man; and I won't see you butchered to make an "Please stop there!" Lanyard interrupted hotly. "I was beginning to like

How She Was Relieved from Pain by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



sides and when my periods came I had to stay at home from work and suffer a long time. One day a woman came to our house and asked my mother why I was suffering. Mother told her that I surfered every month and she said, 'Why don't you buy a

bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?' My mother bought it and the next month I was so well that I worked all the month without staying at home a day. I am in good health now and have told lots of girls about it."-Miss CLARICE MORIN, 22 Russell Street, Taunton, Mass.

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